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THE WISH

Among drooping flowers there
Nestled a tender bud;
An unfulfilled vision of beauty
Shyly enfolded in lush leaves
Waiting, waiting.

Softly, o so softly rain drops flowed,
Nourished the bud a' sleeping;
Warm, o so warm the sun caressed her
'til she opened gently crying
Help me, help me.

So may it be with you and me;
So may it be . . .
Slowly, strongly the bond grow
'tween you and me —
Slowly, strongly.

-- raymond braun

BEACH PARTY

by

randal

ferrari

Somehow he couldn't accept it. This wasn't real. In a few minutes he thought mom would pull back the covers and say, "Come on, Ted, or your eggs will get cold."

Can't let those eggs get cold, he thought. Boy, there was nothing like . . .

A chilly splash of water ran down his back to bring him back to his senses. His tongue licked away the salty liquid which had landed on his chin.

"Damn, it's cold," he cursed to himself. He ran his chapped red hand over his smooth face. With a slight shuffle of his heavy boots he shifted his weight and leaned against the olive drab steel next to him. His eyes drifted around the interior of the boat. He watched each face, each with its own characteristic, each with its own story

to tell. Now they were just emotionless, staring blankly straight ahead. The jokes, the wisecracks, the horseplay were gone. These were hardened men now. Men with an unpleasant but necessary task lying ahead.

Ted knew within a few minutes or hours some of these men would be dead. "Dead," he thought.

"God, I can't believe it. I can't believe it," giggled Sue. "A brand new Ford."

Ted smiled and ran his hand over the flawless red fender.

"Well you be careful, son," cautioned Dad.

"Don't worry, Pa," replied Ted. "Let's go, Sue."

The two excited teenagers piled into the car. Ted turned the ignition key and pressed the starter. The powerful engine roared

its response. Soon the couple was cruising down the open road. The grass, the trees, the flowers; all the wonderful things of summer whizzed by their open window.

Sue clutched tightly to Ted's arm.

"Ted, it's real wonderful," she sighed. "First the scholarship and now this beautiful car."

Ted smiled inwardly. Fortune sure had smiled on him. Next fall he would be heading for college with a brand new car and a wonderful girl like Sue at home. Over the hum of the tires, a Glenn Miller tune crackled from the radio.

The sun began dipping in the west as Ted pulled the car in front of the white frame house where Sue lived. With a short hop he jumped from the car, then made his way to the other side, where he opened the door for Sue.

Caught in the late afternoon sun, she glowed with loveliness. Ted stared for a second, then helped her from the car. They made their way up the stone walk which led to her door. Ted reached for the handle on the gate.

The heavy steel door slammed into the churning brown water. Ahead was the dirty beach, already littered with the slumped bodies of dead soldiers. A sound like a million volcanoes erupting filled Ted's ears. The staccato roar of machine guns was everywhere.

Ted unshouldered his M-1, clutching it so hard that his fingertips became white. Ted half stum-

bled into the shallow water. Instinctively he plowed forward toward the beach. The dead bodies of his comrades bobbed all around him.

"The beach," he thought. "Gotta make the beach."

The movement of all the men and machines had churned the sand up so as to make the water a dark brown. Sweat ran down the contour of his face. His stomach was empty and his heart pounded so that it might burst.

Ted reached the rocky shore. He threw his lean body out across the sand.

"Come on, lazy. Come in the water."

Ted smiled at the tan lush female figure which beckoned to him.

"Come on," she said again, tossing her shoulder-length russet hair.

Ted rolled over on the red and white checked cloth which he was lying on, pretending not to hear her.

Suddenly he felt a wet towel crack just above his head.

He turned. Sue stood glowering over him.

"Relax for a while," he said, pulling her next to him.

She pounded harmlessly on his broad deep chest.

A thousand baseball bats seemed to smash his chest. His head became like fire. Blackness closed in about him.

Only his twisted M-1 lay in the crater formed by the blast.

GUILTY OR INNOCENT

SHAKESPEARE'S CASSIUS

from

JULIUS CAESAR

by james

o'loughlin

There is much speculation about the characterization of Cassius, notably that of his role of conspirator in the plot to subdue Julius Caesar by means of assassination. Some critics sympathize with an ignorant Cassius while others chastise him for his jealousy of the sovereign Caesar. Is the plot justifiable such that Cassius is intent to procure public good and liberty by the death of a tyrant, or is the conspirator acting out of selfish motives to advance his cause as a politician?

No one will doubt that Cassius is the agitator of the plot to kill Caesar. Here is a man who during his school years shared prominence on the level of his peer, Julius Caesar. Here is a man who supposedly played the role as catalyst in delivering Caesar from death by drowning. Now the years have

wrought varied changes in the personalities of the two men, particularly in Cassius. He cannot accept the fact that a man of such weak physical stamina as Caesar can acclaim such great strength of spirit. He can accept the man, but not the powers invested in him.

"The portrait of Shakespeare's Caesar is unsympathetic; he is a pompous tyrant, and though he commits no action that justifies murder, he has that insufferable sense of superiority which infuriates lesser men such as Cassius." On these grounds, quoted from *The Complete Works of Shakespeare* by G. B. Harrison, Shakespeare places himself and his reading audience into the shoes of Cassius and warrants the justifiable death of Caesar. In the actual historical event, this attitude on the part of Cassius as Cassius may have been

exaggerated, but as Shakespeare as Cassius sees things, the dramatical reproduction of events leading up to the assassination scene depicts Cassius as the conspirator acting in the cause of benevolence. However, from Harrison again, "had Caesar been shown as a noble and sympathetic patriot, there could have been no (understandable) justification for the murder, and no sympathy with (Cassius) and the rest."

The regicide of Caesar destroyed the man but not his spirit. The murder was not an act of freedom but that of self-deception. The instigation and propagandist methods invoked by Cassius effected an assassination, which in turn produced a loss of liberty in the form of civil war. What he had sought to gain he had lost. His notion that the death of one man would bring freedom was a bit distorted, for it was to be Caesar's death, in the conspirator's opinion, that would result in prosperity, but it was only in his personal death that the agitator found freedom.

Cassius resorts to suicide to deliver himself from the bondage groaning underneath this age's yoke. He seeks freedom in suicide, and when Cassius does kill himself, Caesar's spirit reigns supreme.

It is obvious that the man took his own life to free his conscience of the guilt of regicide. This flaw

of character of slaying himself rashly in a moment of premature despair, coupled with the fact that the evidence for the prosecution outweighs that of the defense, leads me to one conclusion.

Cassius may have been justified in denouncing Caesar's power and position because of the latter's psychological, physical, and moral defects, but his was not the prerogative to assassinate the man to either neutralize his jealousy or to procure public good. Whether or not Cassius paralleled Caesar in the amount of defects is unknown, but it is a fact that at least one of his defects — the one which affects the lives of all concerned in the plot — outweighed the numerous handicaps of Caesar's personage. This one defect of conspiracy induces me to sympathize with Caesar and to condemn his antagonist as a murderer. Shakespeare holds the opposite viewpoint mainly because of Caesar's limitations. When, I ask, is it not expected that a man, either a lowly commoner or an exalted dictator, be a mortal? Mr. Shakespeare, I the jury find Caius Cassius guilty of premeditated murder, the motives for which are envy and hatred of one higher than he.

Odd, is it not, that ambition camouflaged in selfishness led to both an assassination and a suicide committed by the same man?

THE GREEN



by

robert

schreiter

It was one of those bleary nights when the milk-gray fog smears all the buildings and trees and smokestacks onto the asphalt sky. Here and there a fuzzy light was elbowing its way through the oozing goo. The restless city had finally rolled over and gone to sleep. Two A.M. I was shuffling along on the uneven pavement of South Thirty-Second Street. My brain felt like a spring that had been stretched too often and too much. For three hours I had been poring over physics — harmonic

motion to be exact. I had watched springs go up and down with little weights attached to them which were nodding in approval to the laws of nature. Never failing. Always describing the same amplitude — never more, sometimes less. And the pendulums coming closer and closer. Swish, swish, swish. A 2.7 lb. weight executes simple harmonic motion with a period of 2.4 seconds at the end of a spiral spring. Find the period of oscillation of a 1.2 lb. weight attached to the same spring. Those springs were fascinating though. They didn't have any initiative; they could do no more than what was initially given to them. When a mass of 200 grams is suspended from a spring, the spring stretches 10.8 centimeters. What is the period of oscillation of the mass when it is given a small displacement? Up and down and up and down and up and down.

The heavy moisture of the fog refreshed my sprung face and head. The fog had pretty well obliterated all the surroundings. Even smells. The ordinary refinery stench now took on a dulling cold odor. This new smell had drugged the city and the whole world into sleep. Even the springs stopped hopping up and down and up and down. My steps came down unevenly on the grimy pavement since my legs had gone to sleep watching the springs.

My eyelids drooped and popped back open describing harmonic motion. I felt like one big spring moving through brooding steam

and slick surfaces. The fog would soon have me drugged to sleep too. I remember going frog hunting with my brother in the lagoons along the old river channel in weather like this. We hadn't had much luck. Then I thought I saw an unusually big frog sitting on the edge of the water. I gigged him. It turned out to be my brother's foot. He howled terribly. I had to carry my giant frog home through the fog and the timber. I never knew we had so many plum thickets until that night. I chuckled to myself. My brother wouldn't go hunting with me for three weeks after that. I wished I were home now gigging frogs instead of watching springs go up and down and up and down.

All at once it wasn't dark any more. A blinding one-eyed frog gigged my pupils.

"Hey, what's the idea?" I yelled. "Shut that thing off!"

"Aw, don't get shook," a voice yelled back. The cyclopean frog disappeared and in its place I saw a short fellow in gold rimmed spectacles. "I'm glad I gave you a scare. You look like the type that needs it."

"And you don't look like the type that's big enough to go around giving it," I retorted. I was mad. I hated being gigged by shrumpy frogs.

"You think so? I've got power to shake the whole universe. And I intend to do just that some day."

"Where's all this power coming from?" I snickered. "It looks

like your power goes about as far as flashing lights in people's faces."

"Oh yes, I have light," he sighed. "And I'll spread it all over this crazy world."

"'And the light shines in the darkness, and the darkness grasped it not,'" I offered solemnly.

"Aw, you're just another one of those sniveling yo-yos. You can't go any farther than the end of your string."

"You some kind of crack artist?" I asked.

"An artist — yes. Cracked — no. I'm a poet to be exact.

"O.K. Let's hear some of your power."

"I doubt if you'll really appreciate any of it. Yo-yos seldom do. See how this hits you:

*Yellow-green oranges blue my
eyes
And argive parsimonies bleach
hard-faced amok
While mighty Laocoon
stretches slimy sea monsters
One,
Two,
Three,
Community."*

"I certainly hope you're not planning to make a living writing that stuff."

"Oh, well," he sighed to himself, "you can't say I didn't try." He put his hand sympathetically on my shoulder. "I know it's hard for you to understand; all you've had is a plebeian education. Maybe someday when you get tired of being a yo-yo you'll rise to our plane of superexistence. Then you'll be able to understand my

communication. Right now you consider language as something static and utilitarian. Someday you'll pass beyond connotations and denotations and associations and understand. I hope to live to see the day when all the world will denounce its yo-yoisms and join us in the Omega movement."

"What is Omega?" I queried. I felt like I was being gigged.

"Omega is not yet. It is still an embryo, an idea. But if you are interested, I'll show you where it is developing. We intend to offer the world something new, something never before experienced through Omega. We are not only going to reinterpret the entire past but also outline the path for the future of man."

"I've heard something like this before."

"I know what you're thinking. No, we're not just saying something old in new words. We have come up with something entirely new."

"Like what?"

"Like this: Man with the rest of men, or community, is greater than any single individual. It is man in the community which will evolve into the ultimate communication with the End. Our modern man as an individual has reached the end of his evolution. He must now join his fellow man and break out of the orbit around Truth and make a direct encounter with it. This will result in community or Commega, as we like to call it, realizing that Truth wasn't nearly so big as it was made out to be, and

that the ultimate lies in Commega itself."

"What's so different about that?"

"You stupid yo-yos. So afraid to wander off your beaten path lest you won't get pulled up again. You try to explain away everything strange by incorporating it into your pedestrian beliefs. Come on down with me to the Green Marshmallow and I'll show you Commega in action."

The Green Marshmallow turned out to be a bizarre place. There were no furnishings or decorations in the entire room. People were strewn all over the floor with tin cups of coffee in their hands. Four naked sixty-watt bulbs suspended from the ceiling did a poor job of lighting the establishment. All the patrons of the Green Marshmallow didn't seem to concern about anything. They just lay there staring in whatever direction their eyes happened to be pointed. Like so many frogs in a swamp, I turned with questioning eyes to my companion.

"I suppose you find this place a little strange. I'll try to explain it to you. The reason there are no tables or chairs or pictures on the walls is that we wish to draw attention only to the community and to nothing else. Such unnecessary items as pictures and music only distract us. Everyone here is communicating to each other. They have passed beyond verbalization.

And now I want you to see them function. Commega, I have brought here a yo-yo who, as is the custom among yo-yos, laughs at us. Please show him what Commega means and does."

The starry-eyed Commega stood up and locked arms. Then they started to sway back and forth chanting in every imaginable key:

*We shall overcome:
One, Two, Three, Community.*

The swaying and chanting continued. The dancing kept slowing down and the chanting sped up with wilder and more emphatic accents. Soon the swaying lost its rhythm and Commega fell to the ground with tears of joy streaming down its ecstatic cheeks.

"It seems awfully emotional to me," I declared.

"That is because we no longer have any need of reason. Logic is only one man's defense against another man. We do not have men — we have Commega. Did you notice how they grouped together and spun out of the orbit into a direct encounter with Reality and Truth?"

"Yes," I answered blankly. If a spring has a period of 3.5 seconds and an amplitude of 4 centimeters, how much weight is needed to increase the amplitude one centimeter? There is a big frog sitting between those cattails. I think I can gig him before he moves . . .

by gerald heimann

And fade to one, each another, decipher none . . . the
democracy rules.

Grass is blades of many knives, though sharply edged
themselves are swallowed by the Mangeur d'epee:
America.

Helping himself to matter and form he writes free of
constraint;
Concerned with what is, he evades the bridegroom of trivia
(In parallels, series, analogies, symbols, descriptions,
and incongruities)
And sleeps with the bride of truth and clasps her all
night to his self.

The husband in verse,
The lover of male in Manhattan,
New Orleans, Chicago, and Brooklyn;

In love of a God he finds "Myself," the all;
Body not more than soul, soul not more than body;
Divinity to one not more than self.
And yet, somehow, somehow pervades noble Blades of Grass:
Dedicated to the land,
Enlivened with the seed, the sprout, the blade, and
field of newness;
Epideictic,
Proud,

America's son.

by timothy
smith

Ayn Rand and Henry David Thoreau, both fervent apostles of individualism, have similar beliefs in personal integrity, mutual distrusts of almost all philanthropy and a common opposition to all racial prejudice which make their philosophies outwardly identical. But as those superficial similarities are cleared away, fundamental contradictions between their two systems become apparent.

Intellectual ancestry presents the first contradiction. The idealism of Plato is a prime force in Thoreau, while Rand relies heavily on Aristotle's philosophy, which she calls the "intellectual Declaration of Independence." Thoreau, a transcendentalist, emphasizes intuition at the expense of reason. Rand contends that there is only one reality, that man comes to true knowledge only through reason. She chastises Kant, another of Thoreau's intellectual forefathers, for negating an effective human consciousness and for promoting the idea of abstract. This bold reputation of the intellectual

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basis of Thoreau's position represents a serious rupture between the two systems.

Though certainly not a collectivist, Thoreau had no regard for a free factory system that enriched a few and made robots out of many. Rand, who believes that money is the root of all good, contends that *"the degree of any country's economic freedom was the exact degree of its progress."* The folly of even attempting to discover common economic ground between such divergent views is apparent.

But intellectual foundations and economic differences appear inconsequential when compared to the schism that exists between Thoreau's and Rand's individualism. Thoreau expressed his philosophy of life in his commencement debate at Harvard when he said:

"Let men be true to their natures . . . lead manly and independent lives; let them make riches the means and not the end of existence . . . The curious world we live in is more to be admired and enjoyed than used."

Thoreau holds that man can find truth within himself, then by following his discovered truth he will meet with success. His transcendentalism holds that man must look beyond the material if he is to find the true meaning of his existence.

Rand posits Objectivism, the

antithesis of Thoreau's view, as her philosophy of life. To her, man's primary function is self-seeking carried out under the guidelines of the oath of John Galt (the hero of *Atlas Shrugged* and Miss Rand's answer to Jesus Christ): *"I swear by my life and my love of it that I will never live for the sake of another man or ask another man to live for mine."* She dismisses anything beyond the material as Witch Doctorism, for a Witch Doctor attempts to escape reality and enter a world, *"where his wishes are omnipotent, where contradictions are possible and A is non-A, where his assertions which are false on earth become true and acquire the status of a 'superior' truth which he perceives by means of a special faculty denied to other 'inferior' beings."*

Once the great gulf between Thoreau and Rand is established, the question arises: Which philosophy is correct? By rejecting man's ability to obtain non-material insights, Rand drives man from her position. For in spite of her insistence on individualism, she would have everyone accept her starkly rational and materialistic precepts.

Thoreau, though far from perfect, offers much more to a thinking man, for acknowledging abstractions and a certain spiritualism, he remains true to his ideal of individualism and encourages all men to go their own way.

REFLECTIONS

by

ronald

staadt

In a world where it is trite to ask if there is a God, where a wondering, wandering, puzzled, young mind is yet searching for clarity, precision, and direction of thought, everything streams from ethics. Yesterday in that wandering frame of mind I lived in a vacillating state. I advanced in starts and stops toward one ethical order, then another. I waited for the lightning bolt, instant loss of sight, and then the echoing voice from the clouds. I read Russell, Ayer and Hume, begging them to face the problem and irrefutably prove their stand. I contemplated the five ways, the ontological proof, and the conversion of St. Augustine.

Yet only one proof made any impact — the mousy little argu-

ment of Blaise Pascal called *The Wager*. I lived by it. I looked at the decision about God as a wager. If I bet against Him and win, I win 60 years of finite pleasure. If I bet for Him and lose, I lose only in missing several pleasures for 60 years and I live a life not without its own peculiar compensations. But if I win the bet for God I win an eternity of complete satisfaction. The odds in His favor are infinite.

Last night a friend and I began to talk. We were both vacillating, though I had made my bet and aimed at the standards of His side. We both felt an anxiety, my friend and I, an unhappiness that gripped us and slowed our minds in other areas and shook us free at times to flow with the tide of social group and biological drives. The infinite odds weighed on me more than him, yet I too fell — a fall not taken at full stride or in a climb with a heavy load but standing still between the posts. The fall hurt very little anymore. As the fall painted less, the grip of anxiety grew tighter and my mind became smothered and submerged beneath the swell of pleasure and conformity.

All flows from ethics today and I must live my life. I can no longer stand still. To deny and vacillate but grips me more. I only *feel* that I must affirm. I must live my life and live it with myself. I can put it off no longer — the climb has begun. Let the footing be sure for the load is heavy.

COLD, SO COLD IS THE WINTER

A PHOTO ESSAY BY
MICHAEL
SHANESEY

WITH EXCERPTS FROM
“COLD, SO COLD IS THE WINTER”

by Raymond Braun

Layout by Thomas Spinks





*Cold, so cold is the winter
When soil and trees freeze
And chilling winds pierce to the bone.
The world is a frosted fantasy then —
Stark, still; unmoving, uncaring.*







*The man walked in the deep powdery snow;
Such peace, such elation he felt.
He saw himself in the mirror-hard stream:
Daydreamer, nightdreamer — What am I?*



*ie deep powdery snow;
 ion he felt.
 mirror-hard stream:
 amer — What am I?*



**SPEAKING
OUT:**

**THE
VANISHED
SHEEP**

by
**robert
cassey**

Indeed the modern situation demands of lay people an even more intense apostolate [than that of the early Christians], and one broader in scope. The accelerating population increase, the rapid advances of science and technology, the more intimate and complex relationships between peoples, all these have immensely broadened the range of the lay person's apostolate (in which there is generally no substitute for the lay person.) Further, the factors mentioned have generated entirely new areas of concern which require expert attention and investigation by lay people. This kind of apostolate becomes all the more urgent because so many areas of human life have inevitably become extremely specialized. This specialization in some instances is accompanied by an alienation from moral and religious values, and consequent serious dangers to Christian living. In addition, without lay energies the Church could scarcely exercise its presence and ministry in the numerous places where priests are too few, or (as is sometimes the case) where priests are denied the freedom to minister.

— from the Decree of the Second Vatican Council on the Apostolate of the Laity (promulgated by Pope Paul VI, Nov. 18, 1965)

There are approximately 57,500 priests in this country, who are supposed to serve the spiritual needs of 45 million Catholics and 150 million other Americans. Throughout the country seminaries are encountering the discouraging reality that fewer and fewer young men are aspiring to the priesthood. In all the discussions to determine the causes but two things are clear and certain: there is at the present time a grave shortage of priests, and in the foreseeable future this shortage will not be alleviated.

However, in the long run this may well prove beneficial to the Church. For the first time in her history, the Church is forced to tap the resources of the layman. If there are not enough priests to administer to the needs of the people, who is left but the people themselves? But then, perhaps I used too strong a term when I stated that the Church is *forced* to resort to the layman; perhaps in past ages the Mystical Body was not blessed with so many resources. Surely modern man is generally

the most educated, cultured, knowledgeable, independent, and powerful man of all ages, and as such is more qualified for a definite, active role in the life of the Church than ever before.

Yet why has the Church still not tapped the benefits of this rich reservoir? Why must a priest, ordained to preach, rule, and sanctify (all spiritual faculties), be reduced to the position of bookkeeper or president of a pseudo-corporation? The laity is being readmitted to its rightful place in the liturgy of the Church; why can it not now be delegated the responsibility of the direction of the temporal affairs of the Church, thereby freeing the clergy from these secular burdens so that it can directly attack the problems of the twentieth century in a truly apostolic way? Why should the laity not be admitted into the very *administration* of the Church?

The Church exists and always has existed, in two worlds: the spiritual and the temporal. In the temporal order, the Church is indeed big business. The physical properties owned by the Church (churches, hospitals, schools and colleges, chanceries, offices, stocks and bonds, etc.) place the Church well within the upper echelons of the financial world. Yet who directs these enterprises? Priests, and on occasion bishops and even cardinals. The expediency, the necessity, the advisability of such a situation I find unjustifiable. Why should an ordained minister of God be burdened with the worries of

the temporal order — the maintenance of the parish plants, the mortgages, the fiscal years, income taxes, bookstores, etc?

The Apostles encountered this problem. They got fed up and delegated authority. "So the Twelve called together the multitude of the disciples and said, 'It is not desirable that we should forsake the word of God and serve at tables. Therefore, brethren, select from among you seven men of good reputation, full of the Spirit and of wisdom, that we may put them in charge of this work. But we will devote ourselves to prayer and to the ministry of the word.'" (Acts, 6:2-4)

In a modern setting, the Council Fathers have declared in the same Decree on the Apostolate of the Laity from which I drew the introduction to this essay: "It is the particular calling of lay people to be immersed in the secular world and its activities. . ." Definitely business is the business of the layman. Therefore, control of the temporal affairs of the Church should be put in the hands of the responsible laity.

Some headway in this direction has already been made in the Diocese of Pittsburgh. Bishop John J. Wright has ordered the 316 parishes under his jurisdiction to form committees with advisory powers in both spiritual and temporal affairs. Last September Bishop Wright decreed that on the first Sunday in February every registered parishioner eighteen years of age and older will be free to elect

to the committee anyone from his parish, man or woman. The Bishop decreed that the parish committee will advise on "all matters that pertain to the temporal and spiritual good of the parish" (specifically included: "parish liturgical services, the parish music, public address systems, ushering and whatever pertains to the promotion of the apostolic programs of the Church.") It "shall assist the pastor in the administration of the material needs of the parish, such as maintenance, physical improvements, expansion of parish facilities." The committee will advise the pastor on "community trends, problems and opportunities that call for apostolic cooperation," and will "be available to represent the parish in the civil community and in any other way in which lay representation may be conducive to the purposes of the Church and the common good of the general community." It will be free to draw upon the parish purse. The pastor will need the approval of the parish committee for any expenditure of over 500 dollars, aside from ordinary operating expenses. It will also be responsible for examining "the parish financial report to insure its accuracy and conformity to vouchers and books of accounts of the parish, and shall sign the report only when they can personally vouch for its contents."

The big word here, of course, is *advise*. The pastor is not bound to follow the directions of the committee except in matters of finances and accounts; but no more

could be expected at the present time. After a while, perhaps, the maintenance, bookkeeping, and general secular affairs of the parish will cease to be the responsibility of the pastor at all. What Bishop Wright has introduced into his diocese could well be emulated and extended throughout the country.

Bishop Wright's decree also leads us to another role of the laity in the Church, that of advisers in the spiritual order. Since the spiritual direction of the Church has been entrusted into the hands of the hierarchy, the laity can never have more than advisory powers in this all-important area. Yet the Council Fathers, faced with the rapid advances made in practically all fields of modern-day study and endeavor, have refuted the notion, prevalent in the last century and the early years of this century, that the Church — pope, bishop, or priest — is sufficiently equipped to offer quick, succinct solutions to twentieth-century problems. In the proposed Schema 13, they admit:

The faithful, however, must not think that their pastors are either competent or called to give them an answer to all the questions, even the serious ones, and tell them what has to be done here and now; and besides, it is no wonder that even the Church's magisterium, in new and very difficult questions, where it is a matter of applying the principles of current teaching to change conditions of life, does not immediately have prompt and easy answers or solutions.

But if in such a situation, where there are no directives issued by ecclesiastical authority, then the faithful must nevertheless do something; let them be bold enough on their own responsibility to take matters into their own hands according to the dictates of their own conscience, guided always by that Christian prudence that is inherent in the truth of the Gospel and the Church's moral teaching, and which always takes note of the individual circumstances in which one must act, and let it be aided also by all the human sciences that have a bearing on the several problems.

Father Raymond Bosler, editor of *The Criterion* and an official Council expert, commenting on this statement, adds:

"Could it not be that the way the Church arrives at many truths is through the layman? With moral principles and the knowledge of revelation learned from his pastors, the layman, aided by the Holy Spirit, who dwells within him, wrestles with the problems of living in the modern world; the problem of birth control, the problem of honesty in political and business life, the problem of justifying war in a nuclear age, the problem of poverty in an age of plenty, and so forth.

"He will come up eventually with answers, and these will be studied by theologians and ultimately submitted to the judgment of the magisterium or teaching Church.

"This is a fuller concept of the Church than we have had before. This is an insight into the position of the layman in the Church that certainly will develop as the Council Fathers delve deeper into the problem of the Church in the world of today."

In general, this indicates that in its present resurgence, the Church is developing a degree of democracy within its structure which it has never before attained, or indeed could have attained. This upheaval has endowed the universal body of bishops with a greater voice and power in the spiritual direction of the Church. It has given the laity a fuller participation in the liturgical worship of God. Now it may well grant the laity a greater share in the direction of the worldly affairs of the Church. May the clergy, limited in numbers as they are, use their powers to the fullest spiritual effect; may they again devote themselves entirely "to prayer and the ministry of the word."

The day may soon come when the metaphor of the Good Shepherd might give way to that of the "Good President," or "Good Foreman," or perhaps the "Good Coach." For the shepherd directs sheep, and sheep are not known for flexing the muscles of their wills.

STILL LIFE

If I were to paint a scene
If I were to . . .
Paint life — the world
As it is
Both black and white
And all caught between:
Black lines to form a frame
White panels solidly alined —
A cube
A fair young girl
A faded rose.

The cube — Pandora's box of one's life —
Opened to free echoes
Calling to me
Calling from afar
Haunting memory
Caste of what you are.

An angel of life fertility —
Or call her love's object —
Tucked in a corner
Curled in a ball
Cold as a statue
Unused, misused, abused.

A faded rose in the foreground
Rubber petals drooping
Blood tipped stem thorns dripping:
Life can be hard;
Life is very long —
These lessons fall of old dreams.

What is left for us
In this world gone mad?
A tale of blind love
Furtive bordello scenes
Futile orgasms spit to the wind —
A cube and a faded rose.

by raymond braun

AN APOLOGY

by
joseph
kijanski

To say that we are living in times of social, political, economic, intellectual, and spiritual change and unrest is to utter the obvious. The title list of relatively recent books and articles reads like the lamentation of an Old Testament prophet:

THE REVOLT OF THE MASSES
DYNAMICS OF WORLD REVOLUTION
THE CRISES OF OUR AGE
THE DISINHERITED MINDS
THE BETRAYAL OF INTELLECTUALS
THE ABUSE OF LEARNING
MAN AGAINST MASS SOCIETY
IN COLD BLOOD

These are only a few. One could go on with variations on the same theme of crisis, revolt, and betrayal. And as one does go on an overpowering feeling of despair, often even disgust, takes over the spirit. But to dwell there and not move on is to suffer, to be lost, to die.

And where does one go? Are we to move, as Dante, through the torments and despair of a darkened mind to a purgation through introspection, and finally to a new dawn, a *vita nuova* of intellectual adulthood? To go it alone is, of course, hazardous and often results in a stagnation of thought and action . . . an intellectual Hell. Since we must then turn to a someone, a something, a somehow, or a somewhere, the question turns to a *what now?*

The answer, I believe, lies in the world of thought and action formed by the professional intellectual; the man genuinely interested in knowledge, understanding, and doing as opposed to merely observing.

To the modern mind the term *intellectual* connotes an *egghead* a *fairy*, a person of deep melancholic thought who goes about pondering the evils of society but doing nothing positive. The thought of *intellectual* also brings to mind the bearded protester, the placard carrier, and to some, the cynic.

These views are, of course, false and it is my purpose at this time to offer a defense of my choice of a state in life; the professional Christian intellectual. In so doing I will put forth what I believe the true — if not ideal — intellectual is, and hope that this will dispose of some of the false notions which surround the person of the intellect.

The intellectual is a doer. It is his job to carry the application

of sound philosophical principles into every field of human endeavor. His specific profession lies in the broad field referred to as the humanities, and for this very reason his influence has the right and the duty to spread to all fields of life. His ultimate concern is people and not just ideas and ideals.

The intellectual is an integral part of Free Society. In a figurative sense, he is its eyes, ears, and voice. It is his duty to observe the events of the world, evaluate their meaning, and inform men in all other fields. One of the basic requirements for any type of society — and most specifically a capitalistic one — is a dependence on others. In a democracy especially, where the free choices of men determine their own lives and the course of the entire economy, where discoveries are constant, where achievements or depressions of each profession affect all the others, men need a knowledge wider than their peculiar specialties. The more specialized and diversified a society the greater is its need for the integrating and unionizing power of knowledge.

In a word, the intellectual can be a scientist, a philosopher, an educator, or a literary figure. The requirements are few but demanding: he must be well educated, he must have a critical mind, a humanitarian ideal, a humility to know his capacities, and a charity — better say love — to hold within him the recognition of the Community of Humanity. There is no room for bias, there is no room

for separateness, and the firmer the intellectual's belief in this and the more eager he is to practice this, the better he and his brothers in mankind will be.

The requirements, as I have said, are demanding but this stems from the scientific, rational society in which we live. Society expects the intellectual to be as efficient, reliable, precise, and objective as the printing presses and radios which carry his voice. And this can be done — indeed it must be done, but it requires total dedication. The intellectual cannot allow his vision to be distorted by the ugliness, cowardliness, and selfishness which exists in those about him who wish to remain mediocre.

At times I find myself in the situation from which Plato many ages ago called for a Philosopher-King to end the tribulations of the world. We have yet to realize this ideal state, but we cannot allow ourselves to stop trying. Perhaps the true Christian intellectual is only the dream of an over eager college student, but is this not the very kernel of the human condition — to strive for the ideal and expect the mediocre? This is the same thing that any man with an ideal faces. Sometimes he succeeds, but more often he dies. Or sometimes he neither succeeds nor dies but, battered and torn, he half lives out the rest of his life remembering what a marvelous mistake it was to try.

*My hope lies in tomorrow.
My faith, in man.
My charity, in me.*

THE DARK ROOM

by

raymond
leliaert

The boy knocked reluctantly three times and then paused before entering the room. The curtains had been drawn, allowing only a crack of light, and he had to adjust his eyes to the gloom. He found the room arranged like any normal bedroom with a dresser, a bookcase, and a small table with a radio and a lamp by the double bed. Except for the crucifix, the walls were bare, and they seemed

to blend with the darkness. His great-grandmother was sitting in her rocking chair along side of the bed, holding a rosary tightly in her hands and reciting softly with the radio service. She seemed unaware that he had entered, and as he watched the old woman, the boy felt embarrassed at intruding on her privacy. He was tempted to leave, but maintained his control and approached her instead.

"Hello, grandma," he said.

"It's Bobby, isn't it? . . . Come in." Her voice sounded anxious and he felt reassured.

"Yes, it's me. How are you, grandma? You're looking very well today."

"I'm not so well as you say and you know it. My leg hurts me more than ever, too."

"Oh, but you do look well, you really do."

"Enough of this arguing about me. I'm not worth it," she said, gesturing with one of her hands.

"You are so worth it," he nearly yelled at her.

"Come and sit beside me and tell me about school. You're in the fourth grade, aren't you?"

He felt a little reluctant again as he walked over to the bed and sat near her. She took his hand in hers as he answered, "Oh, school's okay. I'm in the fifth grade now. We have a freeday tomorrow; it's a holyday."

"Who is your teacher?" she asked, gripping his hand tighter than he felt was comfortable. Her

head leaned sideways as if to hear him clearer.

"My teacher's Sister Therese; she's pretty nice, except she gets mad a lot."

"Someday you'll be glad she got mad at you when you were bad." She paused briefly and then asked, "Who did you come with? Your parents?"

"Yes, with Mom and Dad and Sharon. Do you want to go downstairs and see them?"

"No, not yet . . . Bobby, do you remember your Uncle Ed?"

"No, I don't," the boy replied, "but I've heard a lot about him."

He watched her as she got up from her chair, went over to the dresser, and pulled open the middle drawer. The inside was arranged with piles of things which she had collected over many years. She went through a pile of the mementos instinctively.

"This is a picture of him," she said, handing him a large, unframed photograph of what appeared to be a handsome middle aged man. She surprised the boy a little by saying, "That was taken when he was sixty. He was the last of my sons."

The boy watched her as her voice trailed off; he could not remember her raising her head since he had entered. She amazed him with her ability to find things easily despite her blindness. Pained by the silence, the boy resumed their conversation, "He looks like my dad."

She may not have heard this remark, or she may have chosen

to ignore it. She handed him several holy cards, saying with some difficulty, "I want you to have these."

He accepted the holy cards and looked at them. Some were colored and others black and white, and many had strange writing on the backs. Only one had writing in the language he understood:

"In memory of Arthur DeKey

born: 1861 died: 1933

May he rest in peace, O Lord."

The boy reread the inscription aloud and asked the old woman who the man was. Then suddenly, at the end of his question, he realized that the man was his great-grandfather, her husband.

He helped her as she slowly went to her chair and sat down again. Then she told him to take his seat again and she would tell him of his great-grandfather.

"Your grandfather was born a poor man in northern France," she said. "His only trade was that of a painter. Times were hard and he left his home to come over here."

She paused and blew her nose slightly.

"I met him in New York after he had been here a few years. I had just arrived from the old country. A few months later we got married."

"Why did you come here?"

"Just wait," she said. "Times were rough in New York and he had a friend here so we moved right after we were married. After

we came here we had two sons and three daughters."

She pointed at two pictures on the dresser and said, "This was my oldest daughter, Marie, and this was John, my first son . . . They both died of smallpox before they were five years old.

"Your grampa and his friend began a painting business and did well. Arthur had a great ambition, too. He wanted to fly. He spent ten years and most of his spare time making a flying machine. He built it of a bicycle. He put wings on it like a bird's, big wings they were, and they would flap when he pedaled. And he added more gadgets. I have never forgotten that day when he finally tried to fly it. He sat on the seat in a big field and began riding into the wind. The thing kept going faster and faster until he hit a fence and broke his leg . . . He never tried to fly again, not even when a friend offered him a ride in an airplane years after."

She stopped and blew her nose again, this time harder, using both hands. The boy did not interrupt, and she continued, "He still dreamed of flying a lot. Even after he tried to fly he used to have dreams that he had ridden his bicycle into the sky."

The boy could tell that the story was now finished; the words had been of an ancestor that he would now worship, and he contemplated seriously on the story just finished. His great-grandmother sat beside him and she too was thinking; he could tell that, he could feel it. But being still a child he

was bothered after several minutes by the complete silence. He wanted to return to his youthful world of unseriousness. Looking at the rosary in her lap, he asked her, "Grandma, why do you pray so much?"

She raised her head for the first time and looked at her grandson, a young boy she would never see. Her words came slowly, with much breath, but with vitality. "I pray for you children," she said. "I pray that none of you children will ever live as long as I have. I pray that none of you children will ever have to be blind."

The boy felt the power of the words as a child feels the strength of a wiser person. And he felt the darkness and the misery, and he was now glad for the quiet. Tears came to his eyes and he fought them; she could not see the tears but knew they were there. And she wondered at her own words and if she should have spoken so to a child. They both were silent for many minutes, then his great-grandmother, remembering that she too had been a child, and knowing what he experienced, told the boy that it was time to go downstairs.

He stood bravely, and he helped her to stand, and when she had risen, he guided her down the stairs, his hand firmly under her arm. They sensed from each other a new strength and a unique confidence because they had shared a secret. And only they could feel it, because only they had shared that secret.

GREEN

The pain was unbearable. A burst of color was generated somewhere deep within her optic nerve. Time raced backwards in her mind. Faces and events blended together into a great swirling mass. She was falling into the bottomless pit of eternity. Finally her mind paused at a recent evening.

She paused at a store window and looked at the stretch pants in the window. The display looked so neat; the deep blue of the stretch pants was in perfect contrast with the bright gold dropcloth. It was late, and the street was lonely. The window seemed to radiate warmth. She readjusted her hair, in a manner familiar to every woman, and continued on her way home. The pavement was slightly damp, and her high-heeled shoes produced a reverberating clatter. Somehow the street depressed her; it was so lonely and dismal. All this she remembered vividly — she wanted, for some unintelligible reason, to remember it. The instant passed.

She was again spinning in a great pool of color. The red became unbearable. She closed her eyes tightly in an effort to escape. Finally she lost even subconsciousness.

"Doctor, how does it look? Goodness knows she was such a nice girl — always so neat and

careful. My God, I don't know what's the matter with me."

"There's nothing to worry about, Mrs. Wort."

"Oh God, Doctor, could you give me something?"

Even the peace of a totally unconscious state was passive. The blinding colors returned. The intensity of the colors seemed not only to hurt her eyes, but her entire body.

A thought, one of love, predominated her subconsciousness for an instant. She remembered the first time that she had been kissed. Johnnie Harbin standing there blushing and shifting from one foot to another, about to ask if he could kiss her. It felt odd.

The instant passed and her thoughts again became a disorgan-

by timothy
raykovich

ized, swirling mass. The brilliant colors returned and burned her brain.

She wanted to scream, but could not. Escape was her only intelligible emotion. Blinding color rampaged through her mind. The faces and things in the swirling mass became fewer and fewer. Soon there was only the brilliant colors. The external world left her. She was alone. She was everything and nothing. She had not lost her power to reason, but could only

reason about her own existence.
The colors became brilliant, faded
into nothing, and reappeared again.

"Oh Harold, our little girl.
How could this terrible thing hap-
pen to us? Oh God help us!"

She carefully analyzed her

mind. It was a great cube. The
perfection of the cube fascinated
her. It seemed so smooth and soft
and shiny and clean. The brilliant
colors faded and were replaced by
a deep green sleep.

There lay the virgin mind.

LESSON PLAN

Bright yellow basks in shimmering heat
Winking framed windows casting away
Sun's ecstasy from the lazy summer house
My own retreat to life's roots haven.

The feel of immersion in tepid lake water
Like memories of a quiet comforting hollow
Slushing in invisible currents suspended
Between the womb of ago and the moment.

Dashing crashing towheaded forests ape
At home with chattering chipmunks and squirrels
Cooing at doves and cawing at crows
Pumping blood in time to humming insect wings.

The earth is a woman
Better than human's kind at times
She teaches lessons unlearned in school
Or from wise men or flapping mouthed buffoons.
Seek her alone as to share a secret
Find her as a child's dream fairy —
Simple honest and generous as few others be
Known in the heart not coldly in the head.

-- raymond braun

GOLLY, CARL, YOU'RE SO TYPICAL

by

philip

deaver

"God, this is bad."

"Who is it?"

"Who is it?"

"What happened?"

There was a long line of wreckage-blocked traffic waiting and whispering in the snowy night.

Some had turned off their lights. A few of the men had gone up to lend a hand, to find out who it was, or just to look and whisper and wait. Through the snowy windows peered children and mothers. Everyone was cold.

"Well, I don't think I can do anymore here. He's gone. The police are on their way. I better get into town and pick up the boy. He's been waiting for an hour, and it's pretty cold — these college boys don't like waiting. God, this is terrible. It's just too slick . . ."

Just because Carl was from suburbia, living in one of those suburban houses, among others who lived the same way, doesn't mean he couldn't be different somehow. He hated typical people.

He fought typicality. He tried to be different, and he never followed the crowd if he could help it. And when some pressure forced him to do something he had labeled typical, he felt a sense of defeat to himself and stoutly confirmed not to succumb to it again. Take as an illustration his last evening, the night he became a statistic.

"Look, what do you want me to do? Sure, I could go to that stupid little party. And I could get all soaked up like the rest of the stupid little people. Laugh. Tell funny jokes. But it wouldn't be ME at that party; just one of THEM. I'd be part of their rancid little group — one of the gang. But it wouldn't be me. I would get lost in it all and disappear. Don't you see? They are so typical. So goddam ordinary. So blank. They reek! I don't want to be one of them."

Often it came up. Carl would rave to his wife about the group he didn't want to be part of. His face and neck would get red and his voice would get loud and strange. He would pace the floor nervously as he talked, using revoltingly exaggerated gestures. Such was the case again on that evening, when his wife had requested that they attend a party down the street which was open to all. When he would finish raving for a moment, she would look up at him from her seat at the kitchen table and try to reason with him. She was lonely.

"Why do you always talk about 'I' and 'me,' Carl? Why don't you

see things from the point of view of 'WE.' 'WE' haven't been invited to a neighborhood party in the two years we've been here. 'WE' haven't had any social life at all. My half of 'we' is getting pretty tired of watching television and eating candy and doing nothing and talking to nobody. You work all day. You are gone. And I'm here, Carl, all alone with the television in a neighborhood I know nothing about. All I want is what everybody wants — friends. Do you ever think of my half of 'we,' Carl? I just want friends."

"Would you rather I were like that — that creep next door? He's a member of the bowling team, plays poker every Tuesday night, pays dues at a country club somewhere where he can get together with the rest of his flock — that's what it is, a flock — and talk about what they are going to buy next, what they are going to THINK next. Would you want to be married to part of a group? Would you want your marriage to be part of a goddam, hypocritical, rancid little group? Any distinction I would have would be a distinction of the group. Do you know what an individual is? That is what you are trying to get me to help you keep from being. Well, you can be anything you want to be, but I'm not going to help you. If you don't like things the way they are, go ahead and be one of them — if you're blind enough to think they want you. They just want you to be like them, and they are like someone else. You

can be like them if you don't like things the way they are. But not me. Not me. Not for anybody."

She stood up and walked over to the sink, reached for a glass that sat on the window sill, and took a drink of water. On the window sill was a plastic tulip in a vase. The vase had water in it. Outside it was snowing. It was cold. She had never understood this part of Carl. It hurt her to realize how representative this evening was of so many past. She refilled her glass and carried it over to the table, sat down and looked up at her husband's red face. Carl went on and on.

"I don't want us to be a typical suburban couple, entangled in the lives of six or seven nosey neighbors. Someday we'll have kids. Someday a long time from now when you and I are gone, I don't want our children to remember us as people who took care of them while the baby-sitter was gone. I don't want that. Don't you see? Suburbs are traps. If you conform you are trapped. And once you're trapped, you're trapped for good. And you'll die in the trap and there will be so little memory of you that they probably won't know what name to put on the stone. No one will remember, see?"

"What makes you think people are going to remember you the way you are now, Carl? Are you something special? Who knows your name now? Nobody. Because you think it's typical to shake hands with people. You hate them. You mean nothing to them. They

don't know your name. You don't go to them, and God knows you don't invite them to you. To them all you are is a guy who goes to work alone everyday because you don't want to have anything to do with them. You're nothing special now, Carl. You aren't in the spotlight. In fact, you're not even on the stage."

Carl was at the window above the sink. The snow piled up at the edges of the pane. It was cold. The wind whispered. He turned and smiled at her.

"C'mon. Let's go to a show. I can't help the way I am. Let's go to a show."

"No, I couldn't get anything out of a movie tonight."

"Then let's just go for a ride. The snow is real pretty."

"No, Carl, I wouldn't enjoy it. I'm just not . . ."

"Well, goddam! You seemed pretty willing to go to that party! You felt all right for that! Well, I don't care much what you do, but I'm getting out of here. I'm going for a ride."

Carl was going for a ride. He was going out to his car, hating typicality every step of the way. He was going to get in it and drive away. And since he was mad, he was going to drive too fast, and he was going to slip off a country curve and smash into a country tree; and then he was going to lie in a ditch of red and white snow — and die for a while. And while he was dying, he would know he was dying, and he would think about it, as much as a dying

man can. And he would moan typical words like "God" and "help," because there was nothing else he could do.

In this ditch there was a tendency to be like all men in this position. And soon, of course, though too late, a low murmur of voices would come. Then the disturbing flash of the red light would arrive. The man in the ditch would be put on a stretcher and covered up, and hustled from the snow and the vision of the crowd. And the ambulance would rush, with mournful siren and excited red light, back to the hospital.

". . . look, confound it, this is pretty ridiculous. I've been stand-

ing around up here for about an hour and a half, Mom, and ole Dad just hasn't shown up. If this is the kind of reception I get every time I come home from school, I'll probably just skip it next time. I'm freezin' my ears off. Maybe I'll have heat installed in this telephone booth tomorrow."

"Well, the roads are bad. He probably decided to take it easy. He'll be there as soon as he can. Now how was the bus trip home?"

"Okay. I met some people in the depot and talked for a while. They were nice and all, but, you know, I'm beginning to wonder about people in general. They're all alike. Boy, that winds cold. I wish Dad would get here."

PAIN

"Mommy, I fell on the sidewalk and hurt my knee . . .
because of sharp, stinging words
I think we should stop seeing each other because . . .
the anger, red blood hurts
While we don't need your services here any longer . . .
since I don't love you
And as I have been sick for over a year
I can hardly stand the . . .
Happiness.

by j. j. snyder